place, and soon after I heard the tattoo

of drums and the firing of muskets,

which announces that the cruel deed is

where the bodies are thrown, close to

the wretched but in which I am lodged,

and whenever the wind blows in this

outside the walls of the compound to see

brought a little over 17,000 captives and

every town upon their approach, which

accounts for the fact that the poor Mik-

desire to be sensational, but I should

his reign, in cold blood, at least 5,400

prisoners of war. If to this be added

the thousands of heads brought home

is an evil nearly if not quite equal to

go, they may not actually capture the

town; but they will kidnap unwary

travelers, stop all agricultural opera-

desolation on every hand. This is what

months of every year, the harvest

all the women and children were within | well if he saves twice that in a year.

Dahomeyan army is now clamoring to the perpetrator of the crime was the

there b

About three

cling over it.

## THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE LADY," "THE NEW MAG-DALEN," ETC., ETC.

meet the visitor with his paternal smile. English Jesuits. He was accustomed to acts of homage offered by his younger brethren to their spiritual chief.

"I fear you are not well," he pro-"Thank you, Father; I am as well as

"Depression of spirits, perhaps?" Father Benwell persisted.

Penrose admitted it with a pleasing

"My spirits are not very lively," he

Father Benwell shook his head in centle disapproval of a depressed state spirits in a young man.

"This must be corrected," he re-"Cultivate cheerfulness, Arthur. I am myself, thank God, a aturally cheerful man. My mind reects, in some degree (and reflects atefully) the brightness and beauty hich are part of the great scheme of reation. A similar disposition is to be ultivated. A great trust is about to be laced in you. Be socially agreeable,

you will fail to justify the trust. his is Father Benwell's little sermon. think it has a merit, Arthur-it is a rmon soon over."

Penrose looked up at his superior,

houghtful, well-opened gray eyes, and s habitual refinement and modesty of rsonal appearance, of which it stood some need. In stature he was little d lean; his hair had become preaturely thin over his broad forehead; ere were hollows already in his eeks, and marks on either side of his in delicate lips. He looked like a rson who had passed many miserable ars in needlessly despairing of him-If and his prospects. With all this ere was something in him so irresistitruthful and sincere-so suggestive. en where he might be wrong, of a rely conscientions belief in his own rors-that he attached reople to him thout an effort, and without being rare of it himself. What would his ends have said if they had been told at the religious enthusiasm of this intle, self-distrustful, melancholy man ight, in its very innocence of suson and self-seeking, be perverted to gerous uses in unscrupulous hands? ontrol his temper for the first time in

"May I ask a question, without giv-Father Benwell took his hand. ach other without reserve. What is

rust that is about to be placed in me." "Yes. You are anxious, no doubt, hear what it is!" "I am anxious to know, in the first

ace, if it requires me to go back to Father Benwell dropped his young

end's hand. "Do you dislike Oxord?" he asked, observing Penrose, atentively. "Bear with me, Father, if I speak too

onfidently. I dislike the deception which has obliged me to conceal that I m a Catholic and a priest."

Father Benwell set this little difficulty ght, with the air of a man who could ake benevolent allowance for unreaonable scruples. "I think, Arthur u forget two important considerans," he said. "In the first place have a dispensation from your eriors which absolves you of all reasibility in respect of the conceal-

t that you have practiced. In the nd place we could only obtain ination of the progress which our h is silently making at the uniy by employing you in the capaof-let me say-an independent er. However, if it will contribto informing you that you will

nstructed to return to Oxford. ieve you?" could be no question of it. breathed more freely in every

"let us not misunderstand design for you, you will not liberty to scknowledge that tholic, it will be absolutely he asked. t you should do so. But

say to you."

ontained a few pages ting the early history n the days of the

zighth to have it all his own way for

Penrose looked at his superior in blank bewilderment. His superior withheld any further information for

"Everything in its turn," the discreet Father resumed; "the time of explanation has not yet come. I have something else to show you first. One of the most interesting relies in England.

He unlocked a flat mahogany box, and displayed to view some writings of

rellum, evidently of great age. "You have had a little sermon already," he said. "You shall have a little story now. No doubt you have heard of Newstead Abbey-famous among "I am heartily glad to see you," he the readers of poetry as the residence said, and held out his hand with a be of Byron? King Henry treated Newcoming mixture of dignity and cordial- stead exactly as he treated Vango Abbey! ity. Penrose lifted the offered hand Many years since the lake at Newstead respectfully to his lips. As one of the was dragged, and the brass eagle which "Provincials" of the Order, Father Ben- had served as the lectern in the old well occupied a high place among the church was rescued from the waters in which it had lain for centuries. A secret receptacle was discovered in the body of the eagle, and the ancient title deeds of the Abbey were found in it. The monks ceeded, gently. "Your hand is feverish, had taken that method of concealing the legal proof of their rights and privileges in the hope-a vain hope, I need scarcely say-that a time might come when justice would restore to them the property of which they had been robbed. Only last summer one of our ence of visitors) with any special marks

to a devout Catholic friend, and said he of the inferior clergy." thought it possible that the precaution also have been taken by the monks at Vange. The friend, I should tell you, age." was an enthusiast. Saying nothing to the bishop (whose position and reconsibilities he was bound to respect), took into his confidence persons whom he could trust. One moonlight night-in the absence of the present proprietor, or I should rather say, the present usurper, of the estate—the lake at Vange was privately dragged, with a result that proved the bishop's conjecture to be right. Read those valu-

the church to the lands of Vange, by excellent effect in rousing my energies. evidence which is beyond dispute." With this little preface he waited hile Penrose read the title deeds 'Any doatt on your mind?" he asked.

able documents, Arthur. Knowing

your strict sense of honor, and your

admirable tenderness of conscience, I

when the reading had come to an end. "Not the shadow of a doubt." "Is the church's right to the prop-

erty clear?" "As clear, father, as words can make

"Very good. We will lock up the Arthur, even on the part of a king, cannot override the law. What the church once lawfully pessessed, the church has right to recover. Any doubt about that in your mind?"

"Only the doubt of how the church can recover. Is there anything in this particular case to be hoped from the

"Nothing whatever."

"And yet, father, you speak as if you saw some prospect of the restitution of the property. By what means can the restitution be made?"

"By peaceful and worthy means," Father Benwell answered. "By honorintempt; and Penrose himself, if he able restoration of the confiscated proped heard of it, might have failed to erty to the church on the part of the person who is now in possession of it." Penrose was surprised and interested. "Is the person a Catholic?" he asked,

"Not yet." Father Benwell laid a ear Arthur, let us open our minds to strong emphasis on those two little words. His fat fingers drunmed restlessly on the table; his vigilant eyes "You have spoken, Father, of a great rested expectantly on Penrose. "Surely you understand me, Arthur?"

he added, after an interval. The color rose slowly in the worn face

"I am afraid to understand you," he

"I am not sure that it is my better

sense which understands. I am afraid, Father, it may be my vanity and pre-Father Benwell leaned back luxur-

iously in his chair. "I like that modesty," he said, with a relishing smack of his lips, as if modesty was as good as a meal to him. "There is power of the right sort, Arthur, hidden under the diffidence that does you honor. I am more than ever satisfied that I have been right in reporting you as worthy of this most serious trust. I believe the conversion of the owner of Vange Abbey isin your hands-no more than a matter

"May I ask what his name is?" "Certainly. His name is Lewis

"When do you introduce me

"Impossible to say. I have not yet been introduced myself." "You don't know Mr. Romavne?"

"I have never even seen him." These discouraging replies were made with the perfect composure of a man who saw his way clearly before him.

"Howam I to approach Mr. Romayne?"

inue to wear the ordinary admitting yarstill further into my coninglish gentleman, and to fidence. It is disagreeable to me," strictest secrecy on the said the reverend gentleman, with the ion. He has had his books sent to him admission to the priest- most becoming humility, "to speak of from Vange, and has persuaded himself are further advised by myself. But it must be done. Shall that continued study is the one remedy dear Arthur, read that we have a little coffee to help us through necessary preface to all the coming extract from Father Benwell's autobiography? Don't look so serious, my son! When the occasion permits it, let us take life lightly." He rang the bell and ordered the coffee, as if he was the master of the house. with the most

at liberty to enlighten his young friend. He did it so easily and so cheerfully. that a far less patient man than Penrose

> CHAPTER III .- THE INTRODUCTION TO ROMAYNE.

"Excepting my employment here in the library," Father Benwell began, "and some interesting conversation is placed in me." with Lord Loring, to which I shall presently allude, I am almost as great a stranger in this house, Arthur, as your- humility: self. When the object which we now have in view was first taken seriously into consideration, I had the honor of being personally acquainted with Lord Loring. I was also aware that he was an intimate and trusted friend of Romayne. Under these circumstances. his lordship presented himself to our point of view as a means of approaching the owner of Vange Abbey without exciting distrust. I was charged accordingly with the duty of establishing myself on terms of intimacy in this hous By way of making room for me, the spiritual director of Lord and Lady Loring was attached, in some inferior capacity, to a mission abroad. And here I am in this place! By the way, don't treat me (when we are in the presbishops, administering a northern of respect. I am not provincial of our diocese, spoke of these circumstances order in Lord Loring's house-I am one

Penrose looked at him with admirataken by the monks at Newstead might tion. "It is a great sacrifice to make, Father, in your position, and at your

"Not at all, Arthur. A position of authority involves certain temptations to pride. I feel this change as a lesson in humility which is good for me. For example, Lady Loring (as I can plainly see) dislikes and distrusts me. Then. gain, a young lady has recently arrived here on a visit. She is a Protestant, and avoids me so carefully, poor soul, that I have never seen her yet. These rebuffs are wholesome reminders of his allible human nature to a man who has occupied a place of high trust and command. Besides, there have been obwish you to be satisfied of the title of stacles in my way which have had an How do you feel, Arthur, when you encounter obstacles?"

I domy best to remove them, Father. But I am sometimes conscious of a

sense of discouragement." "Curious," said Father Benwell, "I am only conscious, myself, of a sense of impatience. What right has an obstacle to get in my way? - that is how I look at it. For example, the first thing I heard, when I came here, was that Romayne had left England. My introduction to him was indefinitely delayed; I had to look to Lord L ring for all the information I wanted, relating to the man and his habits. There was another obstacle! Not living in the house. I was obliged to find an excuse for being constantly on the spot, ready to take advantage of his lordship's leisure moments for conversation. I sat down in this room, and I said to myself, 'Before I get up again, I mean to brush these impertinent obstacles out of my way!' The state of the books suggested the idea of which I was in search. Before I left the house I was charged with the re-arrangement of the library. From that moment I came and went as often as I liked. Whenever Lord Loring was disposed for a little talk, there I was, to lead the talk in the right direction. And what is the result? On the first occasion when Romayne presents himself I can place you in a position

due, Arthur, in the first instance, to my impatience of obstacles. Amusing, isn't it?" Penrose was perhaps deficient in the sense of humor. Instead of being amused he appeared to be anxious for more information. "In what capacity

to become his daily companion. All

am I to be Mr. Romayne's companion?" he asked.

Father Benwell poured himself out another cup of coffee.

"Suppose I tell you first," he suggested, "how Romayne is marked out, by habits and disposition, as a promising subject for conversion. He is young; still a single man; romantic, sensitive, highly cultivated. No near relations are alive to influence him-he is compromised by any illicit attachment. He has devoted himself for years past to books, and is collecting materials for work of immense research on the Origin of Religion. Some great sorrow or remorse-Lord Loring did not mention what it was-has told seriously on his nervous system, already injured by night study. Add to this, that he is now within our reach. He has lately returned to London, and is living quite alone at a private hotel. For some reason which I am not acquainted with he keeps away from Vange Abbey-the very place, as I should have thought, for a

Penrose began to be interested. "Have you been to the Abbey?" he

"I made a little excursion to that part of Yorkshire, Arthur, not long since. A very pleasant trip-apart from the painful associations connected with Sinking from one depth of perplexity to the ruin and profanation of a sacred another, Penrose ventured on putting a place. There is no doubt about the revenues. I know the value of that productive part of the estate which stretches southward, away from the bar-"I can only answer that, Arthur, by ren region round the house. Let us return for a moment to Romavne, and for his troubles, whatever they may be. At Lord Loring's suggestion, a consultation of physicians was held on his case

> the other day." "Is he so ill as that!" Penrose ex-

"So it appears," Father Benwell replied. "Lord Loring is mysteriously

Having sweetened his coffee, with the ploying an amanuensis. It was left to duction of the younger of the two closest attention to the process, he was Lord Loring to find the man. I was consulted by his lordship; I was even invited to undertake the duty myself. Each one in his proper sphere, my son! be young enough and pliable enough to be his friend and companion. Your part is there, Arthur-you are the future amanuensis. How does the prospect

"I beg your pardon, father! I fear

I am unworthy of the confidence which "In what way?" Penrose answered with unfeigned

"I am afraid I may fail to justify your belief in me," he said, "unless can really feel that I am converting Mr. Romayne for his own soul's sake. However righteous the cause may be, I cannot find, in the restitution of the church property, a sufficient motive for persuading him to change his religious faith. There is something so serious in the responsibility which you lay on me, that I shall sink under the burden unless my whole heart is in the work. If I feel attracted toward Mr. Romayne when I first see him, if he wins upon me, little by little, until I love him like a brother-then, indeed, I can promise that his conversion shall be the dearest object of my life. But, if there is not this intimate sympathy between usforgive me if I say it plainly—I implore

His voice trembled; his eyes moistened. Father Benwell handled his young friend's rising emotion with the dexterity of a skilled angler humoring friend whom I want to present to you, the struggles of a lively fish.

task to the hands of another man."

"Good Arthur!" he said, "I see much-too much, dear boy-of selfseeking people. It is as refreshing to me to hear you as a draught of water to a thirsty man. At the same time, let me suggest that you are innocently raising difficulties where no difficulties exist. I have already mentioned as one of the necessities of the case that you and Romayne should be friends. How can that be unless there is precisely that sympathy between you which you have so well described? I am a sanguine man, and Thelieve you will like each other. Wait till you see him."

As the words passed his lips the door that led to the picture-gallery was

He looked quickly round him-apitself in his face, and disappeared again, gallery. as he bowed.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said, looking at Penrose. "Is this the gentleman who is to assist Mr. Romayne? Father Benwell presented his young any questions to him." Quite needless, after your recom-

have come here at a more appropriate time. As it happens, Mr. Romayne has picture-gallery.

The priests looked at each other. Lord Loring left them as he spoke. He annoyance visible once more. "Come von to Mr. Romavne.'

Penrose accepted the proposal. Father Benwell pointed with a smile to the books scattered about him. "With permission, I will follow your

lordship," he said. "Who was my lord looking for?" That was the question in Father Benwell's n ind, while he put some of the books away on the shelves, and collected lating to his correspondence with Rome. It had become a habit of his life to be

tween Stella and herself had encouraged her husband to try his proposed experiment without delay. "I shall send a letter at once to Romayne's hotel," he

"Inviting him to come here to-day?"

her ladyship inquired. "Yes. I shall say I particularly wish to consult him about a picture. Are we to prepare Stella to see him, or would it be better to let the meeting take her

by surprise?" "Certainly not!" said Lady Loring. "With her sensitive disposition I am afraid of taking Stella by surprise. Let me only tell her that Romayne is the likely to call on you to see the picture to-day-and leave the rest to me."

Lady Loring's suggestion was immediately carried out. In the first fervor of her agitation Stella had declared that her courage was not equal to a meeting with Romavne on that day. Becoming more composed she yielded to Lady Loring's persuasion so far as to promise that she would at least make small arms to see mammy, and in a few the attempt to follow her friend to the minutes both the little folks were engallery. "If I go down with you," she said, "it will look as if we had arranged the thing between us. I can't bear even to think of that? Let me look in by myself, as if it was by accident."

Stella did not appear. Lord Loring by em- Penrose, and had so bectened the intro- sand.

Jesuits to Romayne.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1881.

Having gathered his papers together Father Benwell crossed the library to would have listened to him with inter- The person who converts Romayne must | the deep bay-wirdow which lighted the room, and opened his dispatch-box standing on a small table in the recess Placed in this position he was invisible to any person entering the room by the

hall door. He had secured his papers in the dispatch-box, and had just closed and ocked it, when he heard the door cautiously opened.

The instant afterward the rustling of woman's dress over the carpet caught his ear. Other men might have walked out of the recess and shown themselves. Father Benwell staid where he was, and waited until the lady crossed his range

The priest observed with cold attenion her darkly-be utiful eyes and hair, per quickly-chang I color her modest grace of movement? evident agitation, she advanced to the door of the picture gallery-and paused, as if she was afraid to open it. Father Benwell heard her sigh to herself, softly: "Oh, how shall I meet him?" She turned aside to the looking-glass over the fireplace. The reflection of her charming face seemed to rouse her courage. She retraced her steps and timidly opened the door. Lord Loring must have been close by at the moment. you to pass me over, and to commit the His voice immediately made itself heard

> in the library. "Come in, Stella-come in! Here is a new picture for you to see; and a and desolation gallops o'er the cover. who must be your friend, too-Mr. Lewis Romavne."

The door was closed again. Father Benwell stood still as a statue in the recess, with his head down, deep in thought. After a while he roused himself, and rapidly returned to the writing-table. With a roughness, strarg ly unlike his customary deliberation or movement, he snatched a sheet of aper out of the case, and, frowning eavily, wrote these lines on it:

"Since my letter was scaled I have made a discovery which must be communicated without the loss of a post. greatly fear there may be a woman our way. Trust me to combat this obstacle as I have combated other obstacles. In the meantime the work goes on. Penrose has received his first inopened. Lord Loring entered the structions, and has to-day been presented

He addressed this letter to Rome, as parently in search of some person who he had addressed the letter preceding it. might, perhaps, be found in the room. | "Now for the woman!" he said to him-A transient shade of annoyance showed | self-and opened the door of the picture |

TO BE CONCOUND.

An Ungathered Harvest. The New York Tribune of a recen date says: Now, when the sumac is ventured to suggest that he should call here to-day, in case you wished to put agriculturists to the scheme of the Agricultural Bureau for making it a source of real profit to the country. The leaves of the sumac are used, as our mendation," Lord Loring answered, readers know, for purposes of tanning, graciously. "Mr. Penrose could not and the varieties spontaneously produced in the United States, while not so valuable for this use as the Sicilian. are hardy and bear the change of our paid us a visit to-day—he is now in the climate. It has hitherto proved impossible to acclimate either Sicilian. French or Spanish sumac in this country. The importation of foreign sumac averages 8.000 tons annually, outside of an walked to the opposite door of the immense amount smuggled into the library, opened it, glanced round the country; the imported article being hall and at the stairs, and returned worth \$50 per ton more than the native. again, with the passing expression of Our wild sumac imparts a yellow tinge to the leather and fails to give it the snowy delicacy to which the tannic acid with me to the gallery, gentlemen," he optained from the Sicilian bleaches it. paid; "I shall be happy to introduce Dr. Machartrie, who has published an official report on this matter, states that this difficulty can be obviated by gathering the sumac leaves in June if they are

smaller in quantity but of purer quality, and the value of the ground leaves being equal to the Sicilian. There is no reason, says the department very justly, why the \$1,000,000 in gold paid yearly for foreign sumac should not be kept at home. The plant the scattered papers on the table, re- grows like a weed on every stretch of poor ground or mountain range, and it requires but a little culture and skill in harvesting to add it to our profitable suspicious of any circumstances occurlesser crops. It requires to be kept ing within his range of observation for free from weeds; the crop should be which he was unable to account. He gathered the year after planting, by night have felt some stronger emotion breaking off all the leaves; after that on this occasion if he had known that of all leaf-bearing branches and pruned the conspiracy in the library to convert down to a straight stalk, or else, which Komayne was matched by the con- is best, hand-picked three times a year. spiracy in the picture-gancry to marry At present the crop of American sumac is reaped almost exclusively by negroes and poor whites, especially in Virginia. About 8,000 tons are brought annually Lady Loring's narrative of the con- to the Virginia mills, carelessly gathered versation which had taken place be- and cured, and consequently worth about half the value of the imported

leather; the tannin then present being

A Small Heroine. Children four years old are not, as ule, competent to be left alone with "the baby." Is there one in a thousand of such wee nurses that could have done as well as the little Dakota girl did? It is a story of the Western floods, told in the Cincinnati Commercial:

She was a little girl only four years year old while the mother went out for a day's work. While the good old auntie was busy over soapsuds, she heard some boys shouting.

"The Dekota is out of its banks! She started bareheaded toward her dwelling, and saw the water whirling original of her portrait, and that he is around it five or six feet deep. The poor old woman was frantic, and a member of the life-saving crew took her in and ferried her to the door.

There was not a sound: the poor little ones must have drowned. The mother's cries brought a curly head to the "Here we is, mammy; I fetched sissy up in the loft, 'cause there is water down

joying their first ride in a boat.

Device for Arranging Flowers.

Then the baby was lifted up by the

A new device for arranging flowers, Consenting to this arrangement Lady thick, circular in form and perforated cheerless—is the time to try true friend- of it by one of Loring had proceeded alone to the gal- with holes like the nose of a watering- ship. They who turn from the scene of Impey, of w lery, when Romayne's visit was an pot. The diameter of the cork is made distress betray their hypocrisy and prove cauley's ess nounced. The minutes passed and to correspond to the size of the saucer or that interest only moves them. If you and in you shallow dish with which it is to be used. have a friend who loves you—who has history of the cork floating on the top of the studied your interest and happiness—be return silent about the illness. One result of thought it possible that she might water supports the flowers, whose stems sure to sustain him in adversity. Let to ke shrink from openly presenting herself are inserted through the holes. For the doc- at the main entrance to the gallery, the display of small flowers and those preciated, and that his love was not the display of small flowers and those preciated, and that his love was not the display of small flowers are Real fidelity may be rare. ted against his employing and might prefer—especially if she was having short stems, this method seems thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, and might prefer—especially if she was proposed book. He was not aware of the priest's presence in the listen to them. There room—to slip in quietly by the library ful; but, as the cork may be preserved, never loved a friend, or labored to make in that they could door. Failing to find her, on putting it would always be at hand, and it might one happy. The good and the ented to spare this idea to the test, he had discovered not be convenient sometimes to procure affectionate and the

ODD PEOPLE.

And Odd Ways of Making a Living. that a man has a profession or trade, he borer, and in this way he covers up

"GLASS T' PUT IN.

You see him daily, and this particular cry always attracts notice. It is always an old man, always a foreigner, and somehow or other all look alike. It is an odd business, this depending on accidents to our windows. The old man is not a glazier, and seldom sets a pane in a new sash. In fact, he would rather replace a broken pane, not because there is more money in it. but because it delights his soul to hear the jingle of broken glass. As you walk to and fro you have an eye on pedestrians, buildings, carriages and the kaleidsscope of the street. This old man has an eve only for windows. It is his trade to look for broken panes. Having discovered them it is his duty to solicit the job of putting in new ones. While

courage him un'ess it is a front window. His mournful voice tells of repeated disappointments and cold refusals, and yet he is comfortably clad, reasonably fat and probably makes a fair living. It sire to dwell in harmony.

courtesy and remarks:

THE GREASE-SPOT MAN.

public and asked for chance to make only two in Detroit, and they divide the city between them. The greasespot man is not the chap who sells litgrease, but he goes from house to house in his mouth which reads:

move them in five min tes without disturbing a thing in the room. I remove

slightest injury to the goods." ter and grease-spots dwell required for tanning white or very light

"MEND YOUR TINS." Have you lived all your days without seeing a washdish with a rag pulled through a hole in the bottom? Haven't you yourself tried to stop a leak in the tin dipper with melted lead? Is there an old-fashioned mother who doesn't know that a pinch of dough will stop a leak in the wash-boiler? And the man who sends leaky tinware to the shop to be repaired is a rare man. He won't carry it, the shop won't send for it. and by-and-by we have \$10 worth of tinware hung up for the want of thirty cents' worth of solder.

matter whether it's wash-day, baking day or any other day in the week-call the back yard, scrape, clean and mend, tions or annoy you with suggestions, and his visit assures peace and harmony for months to come. - Detroit Free Press.

Growth of the Oplum Habit. The growth of the "opium habit" in this country is strikingly presented by necessary vigilance. Yet if they are an article in a September magazine. The young men and converse intelligently, number of opium eaters in the United States is estimated at 250,000, fully the la-de-da society fellows of the day, our-fifths of whom are women. The and this would be suspicious in itself. ncrease in the use of the drug in the But the intelligent detective probably City of Albany, N. Y., is a fair sample holds his intelligence in check upon of the spread of the habit. Twenty- such occasions. Kleptomania, unknown five years ago, with a population of 57,- to the lower walks of life, where they 000, the annual sales of opium in Albany simply steal when they take something amounted only to 350 pounds and 375 that doesn't belong to them, is an unounces of morphia. Now, with a popu- fortunate malady that sometimes attacks lation of 91,000, 3,500 pounds of opium people moving in the higher circles, and 5,500 ounces of morphia are sold and it is to guard against this that deannually in that city. It is true that tectives are engaged for these great much of these drugs is sold for medicin- events which dazzle the social world. al use, but the suggestive fact remains that the increase in the population of peculiarities of guests and thoroughly Albany has been but .59, while the informed on the subject of priceless increase in the sale of opium has been | gems. 900 per cent, and of morphis 1,100 per cent. One of the druggists of Albany table and takes up an elegant diam is quoted as saying that, where twenty- ring, which she is about to place o five years ago he made laudanum by the gallon, he now prepares it by the barrel. Unfortunately, what is true of Albany adroitly taking it from her, in this respect seems to be true of the your attention to the peculiar rest of the country, and there is force in this gem. This diamo in the writer's suggestion that it is time Benares, one of the sacred to regulate and limit the sales of opium dia. For centuries it blaz legislative enactment. "Let it head of one of the image alone," and he fears that "opium may, Gautama Buddha his in America as in China."

Never forsake a friend. When ene- of the samous Begy as given in Vick's Monthly, consists of a mies gather around, when sickness falls prized it above piece of cork about a quarter of an inch on the heart, when the world is dark and sions, but at la feel the heavenly

When the census taker cannot find is quite sure to put him down as a la- | confirms the statements published premany odd people and many odd ways of | Every year Gelele makes extensive sac-

ished, a number of important matters silk is probably the best paid day interfering and calling for the presence | laborer, getting to \$1 to \$2 a day. The of the King to settle. It appears that average pay of skilled labor is probably forty human victims are reserved to com- 83 a week for a master, \$1.50 for a

committed no crime, but have simply cannot be remembered that one of them has been arrested for drunkenness, brawling, or other street offense, and from this you may argue that broken panes bring a mantle of peace and a de-

"UMBRELLAS TO MEND." Come, now, give me an honest answer. Haven't you got at least three wounded, crippled, smashed and terriied umbrellas lying around the house Of course you have. Handles are broken, ribs snapped, catches gone, Not one family in five ever has an umbrella mended. It will be carried about with broken ribs, and faded cover until some gust turns it inside out. and then it is stowed away in the attic for mice or tossed over the alley-fence for the boys. And yet old "Um-berell-as to Mend" makes a living and of putrifying flesh, and I have but to go wears a look of contentment. Those few and far between people who have their umbrellas repaired are yet sufficient to support a dozen umbrella-men- the dreadful place or on the wing cir- nine yards, thirty-nine to forty-six inches ders in a city the size of Detroit. They take your umbrella and return you neither check nor receipt, and not once in a dozen times are they asked to give the east of Dahomey, which was in- and one-eighth pounds of cloth, worth their place of abode. They may have twenty crippled umbrellas under their arm as they take yours, but who ever heard of them making a mistake? Back he comes after a ten days' absence, and from a score of repaired, reformed and rehabiliated umbrellas he selects yours it was a very populous town, and that \$2 a year will clothe him, and he does with steady hand, ducks his head in

About three years ago the grease-spot

man suddenly presented himself to the living. So far as known there are tle cakes of soup on the street and shows the crowd how to remove paint and with a bottle under his arm and a speech

paint or tar or grease or fruit stains from all sorts of fabrics without the Where is the house without its greasespots. Children and bread and butunity together. If the carpets have escaped, dresses and coats have not. Baby's greasy hands have grabbed the cover of an upholstered chair, and when Willie kicked on castor oil he sent the spoonful over silk or broadcloth. Deny your household skeletons, but admit your household grease spots and the grease spot man. The contents of that bottle are applied with a brush or sponge, a few rubs and a twist of the wrist follow, and lo! the grease spot has been absorbed into the middle of next week. He is a well-spoken man, his charges are reasonable, and grease has lost half its terrors since his advent.

months of the farmer. the Gold Coast Colony."

Detectives at Weddings. In the East detectives are employed to attend big weddings. It is their business to hover around the collection Now comes old "Men Your Tins." No of costly presents and see that none of the high toned guests steal anything. et weddings attended by the It is onl ened that detectives are him in. He'll take all the dishes into | very high necessary andfor a trifle you are made good as | ment to pe new. He won't bother you with ques- any particular tone themselves. These

detectives have to be men of intelligence and good address, and they are required to attire themselves in swalow-tails of the regulation pattern, so that they may pass for guests and excite no remark while exercising the they must form a striking contrast to They of course must be posted as to the The fair kleptomaniac approaches finger to study its effect. madam," says the detective, gen

of the many wars in ple was pillaged came into the

Human Sacrifice in Dahomey. The Wesleyan Missionary at Dahomey, the Rev. John Milum, gives a most | The United sickening account of the practices of the Dahomeyan King, Gelele, which fully some light on this interesting inquiry. viously concerning the King's sacrifices. Skilled laborers-artisans, workers at trades, etc.-live mostly in the cities, rifices in honor of the memory of his where all prices are higher than outside. father, the victims being prisoners of Art and taste, although appreciated, are war. The Dahomeyans make war on not paid accordingly. A painter may the neighboring tribes and manage to win renown, and his name or his seal capture a large number of prisoners. may live after him; but during life he The custom last year lasted through will be no better off than his neighbor several days, there being a slaughter who makes coffins. Painters of porce-every day and night. Mr. Milum was lain, designers and weavers of the most exquisite patterns of silks and the arseveral times summoned to the palace. and, though he saw no sacrifices, the tisan who makes wonderful pieces of enamel or "china," are satisfied if they evidences of them were unmistakable. On December 31, after several days had put by enough for burial expenses : the butcher does as well as any of them. Gold and silversmiths and others whose work is peculiarly responsible do a "The yearly custom made by King Gelele to his father Gezo is not yet fin- little better; the weaver or spinner of

guise of mercy, one-half will be lib-erated. Contrary to statements made food, \$36 for rent and sundries, \$12 for two of lime, two of sawdust and five of by previous travelers, these human vic- clothing, and is rich with \$36 left. The tims are all prisoners of war and have ordinary workman, if unmarried, lives with his parents or with some friend. been unfortunate enough to be captured His effects may be worth \$15, and he while defending their homes against pays \$45, \$12 and \$8 for the three items the invading foe. The people, knowing above mentioned. Females and youngmy opinion upon the subject, are reluct- sters are assumed to cost all they can ant to furnish me with full information earn. On the farm everybody must both storms and the aurora borealis disof all the sacrifices that take place; but work, the children beginning at six turb the electric currents passing over I am strongly impressed that they are years. Two and a half acres of arable telegraphic cables, but recent experience offered every day, for every morning I land, with a house built of mud and seems to prove that the disturbing inhear the King's crier crying the great reeds and thatched with straw, and a fluences of storms chiefly affects short names of the King, and beating his bell, cow, a few fowls and pigs, and some lines, while the longer lines are more and going through the whole ceremony very primitive tools may constitute a that I described in connection with the | well-to-do farmer's property. The soil poor woman sacrifice in the market- will usually support the family, and of the latter kind from the 11th to the twenty cents a day will pay for their food. Rice, or bread, with vegetables manifested itself throughout the greater and common tea, varied by a little pouldone. Moreover, the birds never cease try or pork on festive occasions, makes eastern hemisphere, sending off, howto congregate in the region of the ravine | their diet. Their bit of land may be | ever, a southerly stream in the direction worth \$400, the annual working ex- of Mozambique, which reached to Natal. penses may be \$42, and they will pro- It does not appear that the western condirection I obtain a most sickening smell clear. In cotton the land will average tures of the disturbance consisted in tivation and tax, \$31; net yield, \$33, if the gorged vultures and turkey-buzzards | the soil suits cotton. A woman weaves sitting in grim silence in the trees near one piece per day of cotton cloth, six to duration and fluctuations varying in wide; she spins one-third of a pound of last, are from Mikkam, a large town to ing days convert the raw fibre into one vaded and destroyed by the Dahomeyans sixty cents. The farm laborer gets ten last year, and from which, it is stated to fifteen cents a day, or seventy cents by some intelligen natives, there were to \$1.05 a week, in harvest time, besides his food, estimated at ten cents a day 7,200 heads. I give these numbers as I by the month, \$1.50 to \$2, and board have received them. I only know that by the year, \$12, "and found." About

the walls when it was attacked by the For coolie labor, comprising boatmen, Yesterday the old man read aloud : meyans sought in vain for a place to five to thirty cents a day are paid; the capture, the inhabitants fleeing from carriers in west China, who carry for twenty consecutive days 300 to 400 pounds of tea on their back over a kam people have become the victims mountainous country, are considered this year to the sacrifice. I have no well paid at twenty-five cents a day. ble. I am glad that the ladies have concluded to go back to the good old like the English public to look at the and spends \$4. Coal is mined entirely following facts: King Gelele began to by hand and sells at the pit's mouth for reign about the year 1853; he, there- \$1 a ton. Gold diggers on the Han fore, has been reigning about twenty- river, in 1870, were earning five to seven years. During that time he has fifteen cents a day; seven men were

offered, upon a very moderate average, estimated to wash twenty tons of gravel we must all have the new hoops! We'll 200 human sacrifices yearly. It there a day, yielding three or four cents a ton. A letter dated Post Boy, Ohio, to the from war. I think the present King of Cleveland Leader says: Dahomey may be regarded as the great- station on the Cleveland and Marietta est murderer living; and what seems railroad, just three miles south of Newsuch an extraordinary thing is that these comerstown, is located on the spot sacrifices take place within sixty miles, where a bloody murder was committed and the towns that are desolated by this over half a century ago, and, in fact, it tion of some stupid paragrapher. cruel people are mostly within 100 miles | derives its name from the occupation of of the coast. It appears to me that this the murdered victim, he being a "post boy" or mail carrier. The circumstances the slave trade, and calls loudly to the of this tragedy may be of interest to the civilized Powers for suppression. The readers of the Leader from the fact that

the King to be allowed to go back to first and only man who ever paid the Abeokuta for their next war. If they death penalty within the limits of Tuscarawas county. William Cartwell, a young man about eighteen years old, carried the United tions, destroy all the farms, and spread States mail on horseback from Coshocton to West Chester, and traveled what occurs during the first three or four is now known as the old Cadiz road. On the ninth day of September, 1825, he was shot by a highwayman, who pillaged "I have but to refer to my detention the mail bag and made his escape. A and the inconveniences caused me to man named Johnson, who was hunting prove that the King disregards the terms in the vicinity, heard the report of the f the treaty made with him in May, rifle, and on repairing to the spot was 1877. I believe it would be one of the horrified on discovering the lifeless regreatest acts of mercy to thousands of mains of young Cartwell lying by the poor, down-trodden reople, if the Brit roadside. He raised the alarm and sh Government were to annex the whole aroused the whole neighborhood, which coast-line between Quetta and Lagos to was soon laboring under the most intense excitement. In their mad frenzy the neighbors accused Johnson of the crime, and he was arrested and confined in the jail at New-Philadelphia. Johnson protested his innocence, and told the sheriff that, as soon as he emerged from the wood soon after hearing the shot, he caught a glimpse of the murderer as he made his escape, and he averred his ability to detect him in a crowd, be it ever so large. Accordingly the whole male population of the county elphia on a certain day, and New F ned by Johnson, in order,

the existence of electric tides in graphic circuits. By long-continued and careful observations he has determined distinct variations of strength in those earth currents, which are invariably present on all telegraphic wires, following the different diurnal positions of the moon with respect to the earth.'

A fuller and more satisfactory exposition of the matter was to be given by the Some time since the use of sawdust in mortar was recommended as superior ing and subsequent peeling off of rough casing under the action of storms and frost. Some one by the name of Siehr longed storms on the seacoast, had plete the ceremony-twenty men and workman and fifty cents for "youngsters It was first thoroughly dried and sifted

sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand. An official publication of the German

postoffice contains a report on the disliable to be affected by the northern lights. There was a strong disturbance 14th of August, 1880. It seems to have portion of the northern section of the currents ("earth currents," as they are different localities and the direction of recurrents changing frequently.

Yesterday when old Blimber went ome to dinner he carried his newspaper with him and, as is his wont, read aloud to his family such paragraphs as afforded him opportunity for a growl, or to how off his superior knowledge of men nd things by commenting thereon for the edification of his wife and six daugh-

ashion. A sudden demand has sprung up that the factories cannot meet though they are running to their full "Now," said Blimber, "that is sensi-

fashion of twenty years ago. A modest dress! good, modest dress! No pailback or pinchbeck about 'em! Now. Chorus of wife and daughters: "Oh,

down town? Are they to be had Ahem! ah—a," broke in old Elimber; "ah—well, I declare! Here is something further." Reads: Since the above was put in type we learn that it is all a mistake about the revival of the fashion of wearing hoop skirts. It appears that the story of the revival was ail a hoax—the mere inven-

"To thin!" cried all the feminines of the family. "The 'later' is all your own invention. You are making all up as vou go along." The paper was snatched from Old Blimber's hand; his miserly cunning was exposed, and he was laughed at

It was shown that the paragraph was just as first read, and also was shown that there could be but one reason for Blimber's feeble attempt to foist upon his auditors a "later." There stood poor old Blimber with

sneered at and scouted and flouted.

his "blushing honors thick upon him." "All right, you shall have the new hoops as suon as the what they may. I said I was in is of 'em, and I am, No more about it-

not another word !"

Peace was thus made at once-signed sealed and delivered—but the "wome folks" little suspected why old Blimbe was in such great haste to shut off a further talk on the subject-they litt knew that he feared that they mig suspect that many other paragraphs had read aloud to them had, betored to suit his views. He had foun of subjects and questions, and he di ered, else there might be a general I volt from his sage teachings .- Virgo

Nev.) Enterprise. Beavers at Work in Europe. Possibly some naturalists, and a gre many other people, are quite unawa that the beaver is still living in consid erable numbers in a part of German